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# The Pinkerton Critic

Vol. XII

DERRY, N. H., April, 1921.

No. 3

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## Editorial

Today America is reaching a period of advanced education. The country, through her wonderfully equipped educational institutions, is one of the most important nations in the world of learning. Pinkerton Academy is but one of the vast number of institutions, but the standards she sets, the type of manhood and womanhood she turns out from her doors, will be measured equally with the standards of other preparatory schools.

Now is the time for all to co-operate in the great task of making Pinkerton take a higher and better position than ever before in the educational world.

The type of a school is determined largely by the kind of young men and women who attend the school. It is the duty of the student body as a whole, and

as individuals, to live up to the high ideals and traditions which the founders of Pinkerton established. By living up to these ideals, by co-operating with the faculty, and by obeying consistently the rules of the institution, the students are playing a necessary and an important role in the building up of the school.

A short time ago I read the following statement: "High school pupils may be divided into three classes—those who work with, those who work for, and those who work against their teachers and the school." Let us examine these three classes. Those who work against their teachers constitute a small but important part in school life. They have no respect and love for the institution through which many of the finest men and women

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In America have passed, through which have passed members of that great army of young men who gave their lives that the world might be saved from autocracy. They do not care for our educational system, not realizing that as a maker of men it has surpassed all systems. They take upon themselves no responsibility and therefore fail to train themselves to be worthy citizens of a great democracy. Force is the only way by which they can be governed.

A large class in high school is made up of those who work for their teachers. They usually do what they are told, but very seldom do they do more. Their chief virtue consists in not being bad. Their motto usually is, "How much can we get for how little?"

Those who work with the school and with their teachers make the kind of men and women who have built up America and have made life in America worth living. They have the spirit of true citizenship. They will be leaders, in thought and in deed, of America in the future. Co-operation with all the forces of usefulness and righteousness is their aim. Their motto is, "What can we do with our talents?"

Fortunately, the great keystone of our American republic is equal opportunity for everyone. To those who belong to the **Against** class it is still open to join the **For** class, or, what is more probable, the **With** class. It should be the aim of every preparatory school to eliminate the first of these classes, to reduce the second, and to develop the third by co-operation.

\* \* \*

With this issue of the "Critic" the present staff will relinquish its tasks, and the staff of 1922 will step in. To those who have faithfully helped us we extend our heartiest thanks. We are sorry to say, however, that the faithful ones have been very few. The new board of editors, in starting on its new duty, needs help and

co-operation. Why don't you, 1922, 1923, 1924, get together and, with this new and efficient staff, make the "Pinkerton Critic" the best little paper in New England? We also need more subscribers; money alone cannot make a paper but the paper cannot be run without money. Remember these little things next year and you will find your paper—it belongs to every one of you—a bigger and better one.

To the new staff we extend our best wishes. If there is ever anything that we can do to help you we will gladly do it. Let's all make the "Critic" boom!

## Philomathean

The work in Philomathean for the last term has proven to be much more interesting than usual. Few more main debates are to be held this year, and the time will be given over to extemporaneous debating.

Entertainment has been provided at several of the meetings and has been very interesting, as well as a change from the usual discussion.

A marked improvement has been made during the last few meetings. More and more take part every week and everyone looks forward to Philomathean, for it is interesting and exciting. Several questions of importance have been discussed.

At the last meeting of the winter term the officers were elected for the spring term, as follows:

President.....	Carl Chase
Vice-President.....	Norman Bean
Secretary.....	Carolyn Martin
Marshall.....	Vinal Wells
Second Prudential.....	Ruth Day
Third Prudential.....	Evelyn Biddell

M. B., '21.



## D. M. C. A.

Was the Crow around P. A. Hall on the evening of February 21? If it was not, it missed a lot of racket and grub. The Y. M. held its annual Father and Son Banquet on that evening. The supper was given by the Men's Club of Derry and was in every respect a great success. There was an attendance of nearly 300. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Herbert Gibson, Director of Camp Becket and State Secretary of Boys' Work for Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Mr. Percy Jewell, our County Secretary, and Mr. Perley Foster, the State Secretary, were present. Mr. Horne was the toastmaster for the occasion.

There were many cheers and songs before, after and during the supper. These were led very successfully by Mr. Shaffer of Boston.

*and Kelly*  
E. K., '22.

## School Loyalty

One of the finest things that can be said of a school girl or boy is that she or he is always true and loyal to all phases of the school life.

Above all other eras, our age calls for loyal men and women. Of old, business was individual. One man kept his little shoe shop; one sold groceries, and for every hundred articles there were as many little shops. Then came the era of organization; and the great industries grew up almost over night; and each man, no longer complete within himself, became a wheel in an industrial machine which had thousands of parts. A watch is so complicated that if any one wheel goes wrong the whole watch is ruined. The same is true of a great factory, a great store or a great bank—several thousand men working under one leader, and the success of all comes through the loyalty of each one.

We need loyalty—not only in the great industrial world but in our preparatory

schools. The fellow that learns to be true, to his utmost, to his home school is training himself to be true to the greater duties that are coming to him later in life.

There is need for loyalty not only to the school as a whole but to all the different parts and functions of the school. We need to be loyal to our faculty, loyal to our classes, loyal to our athletic teams, and loyal to one another. That is the only way that we can really be playing the game right.

Loyalty to the faculty means earnest study and hearty co-operation in class and out. Loyalty to the class to which we belong means the way and manner in which we carry ourselves and conduct meetings and other activities. Loyalty to athletics means the hearty support which we are able to give behind the lines, both with our cheers and with our pocketbooks; and loyalty to one another means friendship and help to each one of our school-mates. It means the true friendship which can be given to all—and the only kind of friendship that will ever last.

Loyalty is one of the greatest things in the world; by learning to follow willingly we will in time learn to lead.

*Caroline*  
C. F. S., '21.

## Pinkerton

P is for the principal who leads us,  
I is for the interest that he takes,  
N is for the numbers that attend us,  
K is for each kind and smiling face,  
E is for the emblem of our school days,  
R is for the red that goes with white,  
T is for the teachers, kind and faithful,  
O is for our object, which is right,  
N is for this noble school we love so—  
fair Pinkerton, that faces the eastern light.

*with*  
R. E. S., '21.



### "Cheer Up"

Has your life been just a song alway?  
Have you never had any sorrow?  
While you can, just keep on being gay,  
For you may be down tomorrow.

Don't be a grouch, don't wear a frown,  
Wherever you go about,  
Just have a smile, say some kind word,  
And help the other fellow out.

When you've had hard luck,  
Don't give up, it'll only last for a day,  
Then brighter times will soon show up  
And you'll more than get your pay.

Don't think that you can get through life,  
And never know sorrow or care,  
For we all must meet our destiny,  
Each one must have his share.

So if you've had trouble that's hard to  
bear,  
Just try to cheer up again,  
And if you stop and think, you'll see  
How much worse it might have been.

So try and forget your sorrows and cares,  
When you're away from home;  
Say a cheery word to the other chap,  
And help him forget his own *advice*  
M. R. B., '21.

### Student Council

President, Harold D. Blake.....'21  
Secretary, Marian L. Cogswell.....'21

#### Other Members.

Marie H. Barker.....Gr.  
Carl E. Chase.....'21  
Ruth E. Shackett.....'21  
Helen L. Annis.....'22  
Marian J. George.....'22  
Earl E. Kelley.....'22  
Frances Mae Stearns.....'22  
F. Elmer Stevens.....'22  
Lucy E. Barker.....'23

Harold D. Low.....'23  
Maurice W. Read.....'23  
Mabel Worledge.....'23  
Albert Bolduc.....Gr.  
Martha L. Chase.....'21  
Ruth E. Day.....'21  
Horace A. Emerson.....'21  
H. Wallace Fitts.....'21  
Charles A. Goldsmith.....'21  
Carolyn F. Sefton.....'21  
Arvilla N. Colby.....'22  
Helen O'Neil.....'22  
Thomas A. Stewart.....'22  
George Koles.....'23  
Gertrude Leighton.....'23  
Harriet E. Proctor.....'23  
Thomas C. Tappan.....'23

### The Spring Feeling

Perhaps nothing in the world makes one feel so happy and bubbling over as the arrival of Spring. When the grass starts to get green, the birds begin to sing, the flowers begin to waken and the trees show life anew, one sees the beauty of the world and has a feeling that he would like to be out in God's out of doors. Springtime means new life to everything of nature. There is beauty in the brooks when they are full and running fast because of the melting of the snows of winter. There is a great contrast between winter and spring. In winter the world is covered with snow and everything seems dead and still, but spring comes on and there is no more deadness. One can almost see the flowers, trees and grass grow. There is something wrong with anyone who wants to stay inside all of the time when spring abounds. That one's life is incomplete. That one can only see the monotony of life, for in winter the world is but asleep, covered with a great blanket, but springtime brings the morning, when people as well as plants should awake to the beauty of the surroundings.

*advice*  
C. A. G., '21.



## No Point

A funny old man told this to me  
 I fell in a snowdrift in June said he  
 I went to a ball game out in the sea  
 I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree  
 I found some gum in a cup of tea  
 I stirred my milk with a brass key  
 I opened my door on my bended knee  
 I beg your pardon for this said he  
 But 'tis true when told as it ought to be  
 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

### THE LETTER "V" ABOVE THE STUDENT'S DOOR.

There was a young student who entered a New England college determined to put in his time to best advantage and achieve the highest excellence. He painted a letter "V" on a piece of white cardboard and tacked it up over the door of his room. The boys thought this act was the freak of a crank, and wondered what the letter meant, some guessing one thing and some another. The placard stayed in its place till the close of his college course. He had outstripped his fellow-students in proficiency and been selected as the valedictorian of his class.

It then dawned upon the minds of his classmates that the "V" meant the valedictory, and, on asking him, they found that was the case. He said the day he entered college he determined to go to the head of his class and that he put up the letter to remind him constantly of his ambition. That young student is an able lawyer and a competent Postmaster-General of the United States.

There is nothing of any value done without a great life purpose. The determination to excel in the material, mental and moral world is a worthy one. The letter "V" is not a bad one to tack over the door of the room of any young student—"V," which stands for victory over material difficulties, for victory over mental and spiritual foes, and for victory over self.

L. E. B., '23.

## Promotion

Promotion comes to him who sticks  
 Unto his work and never kicks,  
 Who watches neither clock nor sun  
 To tell him when his work is done;  
 Who toils not by a stated chart,  
 Defining to a jot his part,  
 But gladly does a little more  
 Than he's remunerated for.  
 The man in factory or shop  
 Who rises quickly to the top  
 Is he who gives what can't be bought—  
 Intelligence and careful thought.

No one can say just when begins  
 The service that promotion wins,  
 Or when it ends; 'tis not defined  
 By certain hours or any kind  
 Of system that has been devised.  
 Merit cannot be systematized—  
 It is at work when it's at play,  
 It serves each minute of the day;  
 'Tis always at its post, to see  
 New ways of help and use to be.  
 Merit from duty never shirks.

Promotion comes to him who tries  
 Not solely for a selfish prize,  
 But day by day and year by year  
 Holds his employer's interests dear,  
 Who measures not by what he earns  
 The sum of labor he returns,  
 Nor counts his day of toiling through  
 Till he's done all that he can do.  
 His strength is not of muscle bred,  
 But of the heart and of the head,—  
 The man who would the top attain  
 Must demonstrate he has a brain.

### \$ THE DOLLAR MARK. \$

Our dollar mark was first a religious emblem, then a general symbol of sovereignty, and finally, through Tyrian enterprise and Spanish domination, was accepted as a monetary token, and so came to bear its present meaning.



# SCHOOL NOTES



Do you like music?

Yes; why?

Then listen to the band on my hat.

How do you raise cabbage?

With a knife and fork.

How many make a million?

Very few.

My daughter came clean from Chicago to see me.

She did! Well, you know cleanliness is next to godliness.

I was going down the street the other night; I saw a baby asleep in a house. The policeman came along and arrested it.

What for?

Kidnapping.

Grandfather was eating some peppermints, when his little grandchild came in and asked for a piece, which he gave her. In a few minutes he saw her go over to the window and lay the peppermint down.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"Yes, but I'm going to let it cool," she said quietly.

## Senior "Kid" Party

I was attracted by sounds coming from the main hall of Pinkerton the night of April 9, so I entered the building to see if I could discover what was the cause of the noise.

What was my surprise when I reached the hall to find about forty kids romping about hugging big Teddy Bears, with large pink and blue bows tied around the Teddies' necks, and one small boy was riding madly about on a "kiddie kar," blowing on a whistle. I was still more surprised when I found that these "kids" were the members of the Senior class. You would never have known these darling kiddies as the sedate and dignified members of the Senior class.

The first number on the program was "Jack and Jill March." Every boy and girl went in this march, but instead of marching they skipped. Then the next number was "Mother Goose Waltz," and next they all played "London Bridge," even the faculty, who helped greatly in the pull afterward. It was very hard to choose between the articles offered by the competing sides for choice. Next was a



"Kiddie Kar Slide," which, translated into grown-up English, means Virginia Reel. Then all the children played "The Farmer's in the Well." After the "Buster Brown Glide" lollypops and tonic were given to the eager "kids." After the lollypops and tonic were gone, some of the kiddies played ball, while others just sat and hugged their Teddy Bears while they bashfully wound their legs around the legs of the chairs.

Marion Bidwell, as a dear little miss of about seven years, with her hair bobbed and wearing a big pink ribbon and hugging a Teddy Bear, received a rubber ball with the A B C's on it as a prize for looking the most like a kid; and Calvin Oakes, representing a little aristocrat, received a tin horn.

After a while the orchestra began again, and, by the way, it was a very good orchestra, Dorothy Cotton at the piano and "Shine" Bogle at the drums. This was the rest of the program: Teddy Bear Toddle, "Bawl" Game, "Rock-a-Bye Waltz," "Little Tommy Tucker," "Peter Rabbit Hop," and "Jack and Jill Waltz" was the last number on the program. As a special favor, the party lasted until half past ten, and then all the dear little kiddies trailed home, to appear at school Monday as grown-up, sedate Seniors.

M. R. C., '21.

# HONOR ROLL FOR THE FIRST HALF WINTER TERM, 1921.

1 Miss M. Bidwell, '21.....	94.4
2 Miss C. Martin, '21.....	94.3+
3 William Reynolds, '24.....	94.3
4 Miss R. Cohen, '23.....	94.2—
5 Miss Severance, Gr.....	93.8—
6 Miss L. Barker, '23.....	93.4
7 Miss S. Cohen, '21.....	93
8 Bogle, '22 .....	92.6
9 Miss M. Barker, Gr.....	92.6
10 Miss A. Martin, '23.....	92.4
11 Godoy, '24 .....	92.4
12 Dicey, '22 .....	91.8
13 Tappan, '23 .....	91.1

14 Miss E. Watts, '23.....	91.1
15 Miss E. Sanborn, '21.....	91
16 Miss Leighton, '23.....	90.8
17 Miss H. Wilson, '21.....	90.6
18 Miss R. Shackett, '21.....	90.5
19 Miss Whipple, '23.....	90.4
20 Miss R. Warren, '24.....	90.3
21 A. Reynolds, '22.....	90.2+
22 Miss Annis, '22.....	90
23 M. Blake, '21.....	89.5+
24 Miss M. Cogswell, '21.....	89.5
25 W. Fitts, '21.....	89
26 Miss C. Sefton, '21.....	89
27 Miss Mi. Goldsmith, '21....	88.8—
28 Miss E. Lupein, '22.....	88.8—
29 Miss A. Colby, '22.....	88.6
30 Miss B. Rand, '22.....	88.4
31 Miss Worledge, '23.....	88.3—
32 Miss Bagley, '23.....	87.9—
33 Miss Caron, '23.....	87.9—
34 Miss Ma. Goldsmith, '21....	87.6+
35 Garland, Gr. ....	87.6
36 Bloomfield, '24 .....	87.5
37 Miss Lynch, Gr.....	87.4
38 Kolcs, '23 .....	87
39 Hawkins, '24 .....	87
40 Emerson, '21 .....	86.9
41 Miss H. Sargent, '21.....	86.8+
42 Hazelton, '23 .....	86.5
43 Elwood, '24 .....	86
44 Miss Gove, '22.....	85.8
45 Miss Dickey, '21.....	85.7
46 Low, '23 .....	85.3
47 Miss H. O'Neil, '22.....	85.3
48 Miss R. Colby, '21.....	85
49 Miss Romprey, '22.....	85
50 Miss Thereau, '24.....	84.9
51 Miss Cotton, '22.....	84.8
52 Miss Stearns, '22.....	84.6
53 Miss F. Davis, '24.....	84.5
54 Norcross, '24 .....	84.5
55 Eddy, '22 .....	84.4
56 Miss M. Lupein, '23.....	84.4
57 Miss H. Watts, '24.....	84.2
58 Miss Alley, '23.....	84.1
59 M. Spottiswoode, '23.....	84.0+
60 Read, '23 .....	84
61 True, '24 .....	83.8
62 E. Hoisington, '24.....	83.7+



63 Whitney, '24 .....	83.5
64 Miss Day, '21.....	83.4
65 Miss Church, '23.....	83.4
66 Miss B. West, '23.....	83.3—
67 Miss E. Lane, '21.....	83.2—
68 Paquet, '23 .....	82.8—
69 H. Blake, '21.....	82.7
70 Miss V. Wells, '22.....	82.6
71 Miss A. Davis, '23.....	82.6
72 Miss Short, '24.....	82.6
73 Miss C. Lane, '24.....	82.5
74 Miss Kane, '21.....	82
75 Miss G. Proctor, '21.....	82
76 Miss Merrill, '23.....	81.7
77 Miss Power, '21.....	81.5
78 P. Spottiswoode, '22.....	81.5
79 Miss Caldwell, '24.....	81.5
80 Miss Sanborn, '23.....	81.3
81 Wason, Gr. ....	81.2+
82 Miss Allard, '24.....	81
83 Robertson, '23 .....	80.8—
84 Miss G. Fullonton, '22.....	80.7—
85 Miss L. Shultz, '23.....	80.5
86 Pillsbury, '22 .....	80.5+
87 Miss A. O'Neil, '21.....	80.3—
88 Condon, '24 .....	80.2+
89 Miss Halleck, '22.....	80.2—
90 Miss Wason, '23.....	80.1
91 Bolduc, Gr. ....	80
92 Stearns, '21 .....	80
93 H. Parks, '22.....	80
94 Miss Eaton, '24.....	80
95 Towle, '24 .....	80
96 Campbell, '24 .....	80
97 C. Rand, '24.....	80—
98 Miss Chase, '21.....	80—
99 J. Colby, '21.....	80—
100 Miss T. George, '22.....	80—
101 Miss M. Fullonton, '23.....	80—

6 Graduates .....	75	%
26 Seniors .....	65	%
20 Juniors .....	49	%
25 Sophomores .....	44½	%
24 Freshmen .....	28	%

101, or 43½% of School.

## Memories

We are all acquainted with old people who live in the past. Their joy in life is really only memories. Every time an incident takes place it recalls to their minds an occurrence which happened years ago, and they live it all over again. Sometimes they tell us about it, or they may simply go over it again in their minds, while their face bears an expression of serene happiness and content.

Oftentimes we think that old people are idle and that it would be better for them to read or occupy themselves in some other way. But their minds may be anything but inactive. They sit, rocking in front of a fireplace, gazing into the embers, just going over the good times and important events of their younger days. For this reason most young people are attracted to elderly men and women. They enjoy hearing the pleasant reminiscences of the old people and sometimes learn from and profit by them.

As men and women grow old and feeble their character and personality often becomes more beautiful and sometimes almost heavenly. They realize that they have only a few more years to live on this earth. This is the time when we can be of the most service to them, when their sight grows dim and their steps falter. This is a test for us. Only too often are we careless and impatient with old people. A quotation by Ethel Lynn is very fitting:

"Let us all be truly kinder,

Life may bring us friendships new,  
But the heads, so white beside us,

They, alas, are all too few.

Newer loves may meet us, maybe,

Coming with tomorrow's dawn,

But they cannot fill the places

Of the 'old folks' dead and gone."



Although connected with this latter thought in no particular way, I want to write my favorite quotation upon "Memories." I think this poem is one of the most beautiful I have ever read.

"When the sun sinks to rest,  
And the star in the west  
Sheds its soft silver light o'er the sea,  
When sweet thoughts arise,  
As the dim twilight dies—  
For then I am thinking of thee!  
Oh! then, crowding fast,  
Comes the joys of the past  
Through the dimness of days long gone by,  
Like the stars peeping out  
Through the darkness about  
From the soft, silent depth of the sky.

"And thus as the night  
Grows more lovely and bright  
With the clustering of planet and star  
So this darkness of mine  
Wins a radiance divine  
From the light that still lingers afar.  
Then welcome the night,  
With its soft holy light!  
In its silence my heart is more free  
The rude world to forget,  
Where no pleasure I've met  
Since the hour that I parted from thee.

—Samuel Lover.  
*Allen Stan*  
H. W., '21.

### ANYTHING BUT HATS.

Girls of by-gone days wore hats;  
Think of it—the stupid flats!  
Styles so simple and so crude  
We have hurled to desuetude.  
Nowadays upon their heads  
Women carry feather beds,  
Footballs, flower pots, laundry bags,  
Bales of feathers or of rags;  
Helmets, pie-plates, butter tubs,  
Jungle growths of trees and shrubs;  
Dishpans, saucepans, jardinières,  
Sofa cushions, flights of stairs;  
Baskets green, and pink and brown,  
Right side up and upside down;  
Pyramids and Eiffel towers;  
Garden plots and gorgeous flowers,  
Baskets, barrels, hives and bees,  
Boxes meant for fruit and cheese;  
Drying frames with wire and slats—  
**Anything, in short, but HATS!**

Imagine Mildred without that walk,  
Imagine Horace couldn't talk,  
Imagine boys not being broke,  
Imagine Stearns without a smoke,  
Imagine Winona without curls,  
Imagine Mark with the girls,  
Imagine six days' vacation a week,  
Imagine teachers could not speak,  
Imagine Carolyn (S) early to school,  
Imagine the school without a rule,  
Imagine Carolyn (M) without a smile,  
Imagine Loren running a mile,  
Imagine everyone quiet at chapel,  
Imagine Fitts playing with a rattle,  
Imagine Herlihy a Latin shark,  
Imagine Ruthie below passing mark,  
Imagine Latin dead and buried,  
Imagine all these things  
And you're in a state that only Heaven  
brings.

### WHERE RAIN NEVER FALLS.

Jack Spratt could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the other hand, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of the epithelium; so, between them, they removed all the foreign substances from the utilitarian utensil commonly known as the platter.

The driest part of the world is that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not believe travelers when told that water can fall from the sky.



# ATHLETICS



## BASEBALL.

With the opening of the spring term came the summons for baseball candidates to report to Coach Gardiner and Captain Fitts.

About thirty candidates have reported for practice, and the prospects for a winning team are very bright. Pinkerton should place one of the very best of high school or academy teams on the diamond this year. In Bolduc the team has one of the best schoolboy catchers in New England. Cross, with three years' experience, is well able to take care of the pitching burden and he has a capable substitute in Wiggin of the Junior Class. At first base there is sure to be some good fielding seen with such competition with Blake, Goldsmith and O. Rand. At shortstop the

school need not worry, with the sure-fielding Fitts to take care of anything in the shortfield. At both second and third base new men must be found, with Martin and Reynolds looking like the best prospects at present writing.

The outfield has plenty of fielding strength with Herlihy in left field, Bogle in centre field, with Stewart and Pond to fight it out for right field.

The candidates are having plenty of good coaching, with Coach Gardiner in charge and Fred Tyler of the Worcester Eastern League coming to practice daily, and much has been benefited by his coaching the batters and pitchers.

Manager John Colby has arranged a strong schedule and by winning the greater part of the games the school



should be proud of its team, but one great need to have a winning team is school spirit, and the team must be backed more than in the past.

#### The Schedule.

April 20—Methuen at Methuen.  
 April 22—Johnson at Derry.  
 April 23—Pembroke at Derry.  
 April 27—Manchester at Derry.  
 April 30—Dummer at South Byfield.  
 May 4—Newburyport at Derry.  
 May 7—Stearns at Mt. Vernon.  
 May 11—Punchard at Andover.  
 May 12—Stearns at Derry.  
 May 18—Johnson at North Andover.  
 May 20—Methuen at Derry.  
 May 21—Colby at Derry.  
 May 25—St. Joseph's at Manchester.  
 May 28—Dummer at Derry.  
 May 30—Newburyport at Derry.  
 June 1—St. Joseph's at Derry.  
 June 2—Pembroke at Pembroke.  
 June 3—Colby at New London.  
 June 4—Concord at Concord.  
 June 8—Punchard at Derry.  
 June 11—Amesbury at Amesbury.  
 C. O., '21.

#### 1921 SLEIGHRIDE.

About five o'clock on the evening of February 15 the Derry Village people saw a happy group of Seniors gather in front of Bartlett's drug store. We were laden with robes and boxes filled with—Oh, but that comes later. In a few minutes two large sleighs appeared upon the scene. It did not take long for the boys and girls to nestle down in the straw. Our only regret was that a sleigh large enough for the whole class could not be found, and the party had to be divided. We were fortunate in having the majority of the faculty with us. The Hildreth Hall girls gave us a hearty send-off.

We were bound for Chester, but were in no hurry to reach our destination, as the weather was favorable. We sang songs and cheered most of the way, and no one

who heard us would have the least difficulty in determining that we were the 1921 class of Pinkerton Academy.

We arrived at the town hall in Chester very hungry indeed, and Edith and Evelyn gave us a warm welcome. They had missed the ride just to prepare the hall for us, and the coffee was about ready when we came. We surely appreciated their kindness and generosity.

After we had made away with many kinds of sandwiches, cake, cookies, pickles, olives, divinity fudge, lollipops and popcorn, we went upstairs to dance. We had a general good time until about nine forty-five, when we made ready for our homeward journey. The moon was bright and the ride home was equally as pleasant as it was going.

I regret to say that lessons were sadly neglected that night, but our souvenir lollipops, which we wore the next day to tell of our good time, excused us.

H. R. W., '21.

Jan. 22—Sophomores held a private party.  
 Jan. 28—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meeting.  
 Jan. 29—Y. M. gave a social, and movies—"Treasure Island."  
 Feb. 2—Wireless Club held its first meeting.  
 Feb. 10—Professor Shaw from India visited the school. His talks were unusually interesting.  
 Feb. 11—Annual Junior Masquerade.  
 Feb. 15—Senior Sleigh-Ride.  
 Feb. 18—Orchestra Social.  
 Feb. 25—School Debate.  
 Mar. 4—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meeting.  
 Mar. 4—A play—"The Rivals"—by the Faculty.  
 Mar. 4—Mr. F. Tyler spoke to the baseball boys.



Mar. 5—School Debate.

Orchestra Social.

Mr. Chase.

Mr. B. Bartlett.

Col. Hosley.

Y. M. and Y. W.

Food Sale—Y. W.

Mr. Walbridge.

Mary had a little lamb,

Which once was just plain sheep.

She cried, "It's tough! Oh, dear! Oh, damb,"

And toddled off to sleep.

He: "I want to come to see you in the worst way."

She: "Why don't you take the Chester & Derry?"—(L. B., 23.)

Judge (discharging prisoner): "Now then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company."

Prisoner: "Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again."

"Do you serve lobsters here?"

"Sure, we serve anyone. Step right in."

A girl, that's you; a boy, that's me,  
And not a soul about to see!

A porch, a swing, a silvery moon—  
What else was left to do but—  
Talk about the weather.

Teacher: "What right have you to swear before me in class?"

Student: "How could I know you wanted to swear first?"

She: "What part of the chicken do you wish?"

Boarder: "Some of the meat, please."

Teacher: "Define trickle."

Boy: "To run slowly."

Teacher: "Define anecdote."

Boy: "Short, funny tale."

Teacher: "Use both words in a sentence."

Boy: "The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

A busy guy is Henry Hurls,  
He's always picking up strange girls.

But don't think he's a sporty gink—  
He just works in a skating rink.

"Who is that?"

"That's our Pole vaulter."

"Oh, does he speak English?"

"When you have a sore throat be glad you're not a giraffe."

"There are two sides to every question—your side and the wrong side."

"Some people would rather blow their own horn than to listen to Sousa's band."

"Do the best that you can; that's all the angels are doing nowadays."

"Even a tombstone will say something good about a fellow when he's down."

"Don't worry when the tide goes out; it always comes back again."

#### Recipe for Kiss Cake.

Take one armful of pretty girls, 1 lovely face, 2 laughing brown or blue eyes, 2 rosy cheeks and 2 lips like strawberries. Mix well together and press 2 lips. The result will be astonishing.

For frosting: Take 1 piece of dark piazza and a little moonlight and press into 1 large and small hand so as not to attract attention 2 ounces of romance, 1 or 2 whiskers. Dissolve one-half a dozen glances into a quantity of hesitation and 2 ounces of yielding. Place kisses on blushing lips or cheeks. Flavor with a slight scream and set in a place to cool.

#### Hospital Rules.

1. If you get thirsty, don't call the nurse; there's a spring in your bed.

2. You can't skate even if you do see the pillow slip.

3. If you want sympathy, don't call on your friends; the nurse will bring you a comforter.

4. You don't need any brain while you are there. There's a head on each bed.

5. Don't think the nurse is sentimental because she brings you a spoon.

6. Speedy cures are effected there. Last week a blind man picked up a hammer and saw.



## Advertisements!

1. "Our skins are pure animal."
2. "We have 12 very busy waiters. They are always waiting."
3. "Wanted, 60 girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

Last night I held a little hand,  
 So dainty and so neat.  
 I thought my heart would surely burst,  
 So wildly did it beat.  
 No other hand into my soul  
 Could greater gladness bring  
 Than that I held last night, which was  
 Four aces and a king.

"Oh, how bowlegged Jimmy is!"  
 "Don't blame him for it. He's merely  
 following his natural bent."

## I WONDER

Why H. W. missed W. F. at the "Kid"  
 Party?

Why M. L. C. always watches Mr. G.  
 the fourth period?

Who A. Q. N. is making eyes at now?

If C. M. can ever keep a straight face?

If M. P. B. ever expects to get a fellow?

If G. P. uses paint and powder?

If R. C. ever acts foolish?

If R. S. ever skips study hours?

What time C. S. gets up on Saturdays?

If B. C. ever expects an A. in History?

If it isn't time for M. C. to play another  
 march?

If S. C. ever flirts?

If M. P. G. will be an old maid?

If M. W. G. likes to be a chaperone?

If E. L. likes riding on the back seat  
 of a Ford when the road is rough?

If E. A. S. ever tries to be a vamp?

What woke R. D. up?

Who E. S. makes eyes at first period?

If M. B. likes bright sweaters?

If M. P. will ever be six feet tall?

If W. D. will go to New Hampshire  
 State?

What makes E. C. so bloodthirsty?

If M. K. ever raises her name?

If H. S. likes to ride home after socials?

## THE PHILOTECHNIAN CLUB.

The Philotechnian Club was organized by the 1922 class for the purpose of raising money through plays and entertainments.

After some consideration and debate it was decided to open the club only to the post-graduates and not to the other classes. The graduates consented to join and our first meeting was held in November, 1920.

The following officers were elected: President, Albert Bolduc; Vice-President, Earl Kelley; Secretary-Treasurer, Marie Barker.

At this meeting it was voted to give the post-graduates half the proceeds from plays, etc.

Our second meeting was to decide on our first play. The two-act comedy, "Carrotty Nell," was selected and, to save the trouble of try-outs for so small a play, Miss Flewelling picked out the characters, who were all girls—Edith Lynch and Marie Barker from the post-graduates and the other fourteen girls from the Junior class.

The play and social were held on December 23, 1920, and both were very successful.

At a recent meeting it was suggested that our next play be one of Shakespeare's and be given just before Commencement. In order to carry out this plan, we needed much more talent than the club contained, so we opened it to the whole school.

As a result of this, quite a few were present at our first combined meeting and the play selected was "A Midsummer's Night Dream," and again Miss Flewelling has consented to select the characters because of the difficulty to read unfamiliar Shakespearian plays.

## I GUESS.

Once when I was a little girl,  
 I wandered into fairyland,  
 And in fairyland I met a friend,  
 Who he was you never could guess.



He was big, and had two funny tails,  
And where one was you never could guess,  
And he used it as a big arm and hand  
To pull up trees, and to lift the circus man,  
But who he was you never could guess.

My big friend took me on his back,  
And he went to wander in his park.  
There I saw the house of my friend,  
But where it was you never could guess.

Why, he didn't have any home at all!  
He lived here and he lived there, and  
everywhere, I guess.  
My big friend then brought me home,  
And I had a good time, and so did he,  
I guess.

A. O'N., '21.

#### THE 1922 EST FAMILY.

Quick est.....Helen Annis  
Jazzy est.....Evelyn Bidwell  
Fast est.....Katherine and Eleanor  
Grave est.....Spike Bean  
Small est.....William Brown  
Sure est.....Mae Stearns  
Tired est.....Harold Wiggins  
Sweet est.....Arvilla Colby  
Calm est.....Thomas Stewart  
Tall est.....Peter Spottiswoode  
Kind est.....Earl Kelley  
Clever est.....Shine Bogle  
Funny est.....Charles Hall  
Nervy est.....Vinal Wells  
Light est.....Thelma George  
Timid est.....Ralph Eaton  
Witty est.....Edna Downing  
New est.....Dorothy Cotton  
Lively est.....Arline and Ethel  
Young est.....Irving Dicey  
Niece est.....Gladys Fullonton  
Keen est.....Margaret Gillispie  
Slin est.....Helen O'Neil  
Swell est.....Marion George  
Quiet est.....Luella Frost  
Steady est.....Bernice Rand  
Brainy est.....Walter Pillsbury  
Shy est.....Elmer Stevens  
Husky est.....Harold Parks  
Busy est.....Frances Gove  
Bright est.....Ethel Lupein

Chummy est.....Jessie and Velma  
Bashful est.....Leon Hall  
Noisy est.....Gladys Halleck  
Dark est.....Dona Romprey  
Dreamy est.....Alma Durette  
Classy est.....Earl Eddy  
Cute est.....Arthur Reynolds

#### The Crow



Caw! Caw! Caw!  
Well, it certainly seems  
good to see all of my kid-  
dies back again at school.  
I missed all of you like  
everything, and it was  
pretty lonesome up here  
without you.

I suppose you all had a  
wonderful time this va-  
cation and came back  
prepared to go to work  
with renewed effort.

We've been having  
beautiful weather, haven't  
we? Why, it seems almost like summer!  
The boys playing baseball and everyone  
outside at recess is a sure sign of spring.  
We'll all be glad, won't we, when we have  
some baseball games?

I haven't written you for ages and  
ages, have I? Lots of things have hap-  
pened since I wrote last, and I've had to  
come down from my tower many times.  
Some of the affairs were so long ago that  
they seem sort of indistinct memories,  
but I'll try and tell you about them.

First came the Senior play, and wasn't  
it a "corker"? Everyone knew his part  
so well! Just think, no one had to be  
prompted! You couldn't help falling in  
love with the dashing hero and the proud  
girl of his choice, Madge, and his clever  
chum, Ted, and winsome Nancy certainly  
proved that they were born actors.

Melvina and Higgins made me laugh so  
that I fell off my perch over the Senior ban-  
ner and landed right on a man's bald head.  
He was kind of mad, but I was so scared  
I didn't stay to hear him scold.



Watson Higbee was a real Westerner, and the parts of Hon. Withrow and Mrs. Ballou were excellently taken. There has seldom been a more entertaining or better-presented play in Pinkerton than by this year's Senior class. Sounds kind of "braggy," doesn't it, but that's what I think. I cheered for them lustily before I went back to roost in my tower.

The next big affair and the really big party of the year was the Junior Prom., in the shape of a masquerade.

I flew down about seven o'clock and found the hall very prettily decorated with streamers, and over the fireplace a large kewpie bravely stood with a huge ribbon bow for a costume. Dainty ballet girls tripped here and there, pretty flowers bloomed, bold knights and their fair ladies gracefully walked to and fro, and girls who actually carried their hearts on their sleeves were bold enough to show at least part of their faces. There was a sudden hush as dreamy music sounded and four little girls with hundreds of hearts to their credit danced in and gave out heart-shaped programs to the masked crowd.

Then the match promenade came, in which a great number joined. I noticed especially two old-fashioned ladies who made me laugh, they looked so funny.

Then dances followed, and finally I held my breath, for the Prize Promenade was announced.

Everyone, old and young, large and small, entered the prom., and after showers of confetti and a long discussion by the judges, it was announced that Louise Trowbridge, representing a gay nile green butterfly, had won first prize for the girls and May Hartshorn, as a sweet pink tulip, had run off with second prize. Harvey Bloomfield, dressed as a sweet young thing in pale blue, won the first prize for the boys, and Donald Russell, one of the funny old ladies (?) I had noticed before, captured the second.

Then the dance was on again, and at ten everyone went home, very enthusiastic about the Prom., and complimenting the Juniors, who had carried this large affair out so ably, under the direction of Miss Flewelling.

There have been several smaller parties given, but they were completely overshadowed by the Junior Prom.

Two parties were given by Robertson's Famous Jazz Orchestra. (By the way, did you ever hear Chase's trombone groan?) One was for the benefit of the baseball team and the other to buy music for the orchestra. The Sophomores gave a party, and it was great fun, wasn't it?

And still something else, not right in the school but connected with it, happened was the play "The Rivals," given by the faculty of Pinkerton and outside talent. It certainly was an interesting play and showed well the customs and dress of the olden times.

Yesterday as I was flying into the tower I bumped my wrist watch against the railing. It stopped, so I took it that afternoon down to the jewellers. I gave it to him and he removed the dial and peered into its vitals. After a minute or two he handed it back to me and said nothing was the matter with it now, that its sufferings were all over. I asked him how much I owed him. "Nothing," he said. "This isn't a professional treatment; it's a coroner's inquest." So I've decided I'll have to save up my pennies for a new watch.

Well, little "Pinkies," it's getting late and old folks like me have to be in bed early, so the rheumatism won't catch us, so good-night everyone of you. Caw! Caw! Caw!

P. S.—Say, did you get April-Fooled? I did! Caw! Caw! Caw!



## IMPORTANT!

## Rules for Practicing Penmanship.

1. Park the feet firmly on the toes of the Brogue oxfords or drape them gracefully over the rungs of the chair.

2. Grasp the penholder in a death-like grip, making sure the fingernails are closely trimmed, so as not to mar the varnish.

3. Breakneck speed is the main essential at the beginning. It is not important to study the models or instructions.

4. The penholder should point midway between the Adams apple and the right elbow.

5. Chewing gum aids materially in getting the right movement, as the jaws and arm will naturally move in unison.

One Who Knows.

## JUST SMILE.

Most of our days are sunny,  
We all know this to be true;  
And if we stop to count them,  
The cloudy days are few.

God sends dark clouds to test us,  
To see if we still wear a smile,  
And brighten these days by our presence,  
And thus prove ourselves worth while.

To smile we all find it easy  
When on us the sun shines bright,  
Everyone seems to be happy—  
And things go along just right.

But sometimes the sun is hidden  
By shadows that darken our way,  
Then, if we keep a smiling face,  
Our darkness will turn into day.

You've heard of the silver lining  
That every cloud has, they say,  
Then smile through the deepest shadows  
And the clouds will soon roll away.

H. W., '21.

## THE SENIOR CLASS RIDE.

(In Imitation of Paul Revere's Ride, with apologies to Longfellow.)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the long sleigh-ride of our Seniors dear.  
'Twas the fifteenth of February in '21  
When they all assembled, each daughter  
and son.

The sleighs were drawn up by the post-office door,  
There wasn't possibly room for more;  
And the sleighs they started 'mid clamor  
and shout,  
To find that Miss Sefton had been left out.

O, Carol dear, where could she be?  
Was the cry. Then what did we see?  
Was that Blakie pulling her down the hill,  
Dropping her bundles and giving her a  
spill?

It certainly was, and in their haste  
They proved the old saying, "Haste makes  
waste."  
But finally the sleighs were off again,  
All cheering and singing with might and  
main.

We rode into Chester and up to the hall,  
Where Chester students greeted us all.  
Then we all piled out and ran up the stair  
To take off our wraps and fix up our hair.

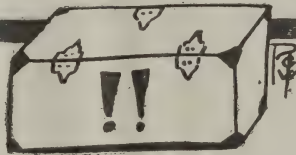
You know the rest. In school has been  
told  
How the maidens shy and the boys bold  
Feasted and danced till Mr. Horne said,  
"We must start home," so to the sleighs  
we sped.

And through the night rode our Senior  
Class,  
Each happy lad and tired lass,  
And, borne on the night wind of the past,  
Goes the tale of this ride, through history,  
at last.

M. L. C., '21.



# GRINDS



*See Currier*  
B. C., '23, Alg.: "I can't see through you."

*My foot*  
Mr. R.: "Not many can."

*Plummer*  
Miss P. in Chemistry, reading about "runaway suns": "And some even go 200 miles or more a second. And some faster."

Goldsmith, '21: "Yes, that's my mother's son."

M. C. C., '23, speaking about bookkeeping: "Mr. Foxall, do you put those oranges in the General Column?"

*Marion Stanton*  
M. F., '23: "It's snowing, Mr. Foxall."

*Lucy*  
Miss F. (handing out paper for written lesson when a voice said): "Oh, what's going to happen?"

Miss F.: "Oh, the roof's going to fall in perhaps."

*and*  
B. L. R., '22: "Mine's already fell in!"

Professor Shaw (in History 4): "I know absolutely no history."

*now*  
Mr. G.: "You have some affinities in this class, Professor."

In History 4, talking about Habeas Corpus. Mr. G.: "Oakes, you ought to know."

Oakes: "What?"

Mr. G.: "Nothing."

Oakes: "I do."

Miss Shuman (standing on Kelley's seat: "Kelley, take your seat."

Kelley, '22: "How can I when you are standing on what I sit on?"

Did you ever hear the story of the runaway sleigh?

Well, you could never catch on if you did.

## The Only Remedy.

"Mamma, I dess you'll have to turn the hose on me."

"Why, dear?"

"Tause I'se dot my 'tocking on wrong side out."

Ag. 4: Taking about the difference between lamb and mutton.

*the mutton*  
P. S., '22: "What comes after mutton?"

*no Adamite*  
C. G., '21: "Indigestion."



Latin 4. Miss M.: "Emerson, come sit in the front seat!"

H. A. E., '21 (complacently): "This is the only way I'll ever be at the head of the class."

Lat. IV. Miss M.: "Emerson, stop there."

H. A. E., '21: "Do you mean for me to go on?"

French III. I. D., '22 (translation): "He unsaddled the horse and hung him to a rosebush."

Science. Mr. F.: "Some people's heads are just a knob fastened on to the end of their spine to keep it from unraveling."

Latin IV. Voice: "Why did Dido kiss the couch?"

H. A. E., '21: "She couldn't kiss Aeneas so she kissed the next best thing."

Lat. IV. H. A. E., '21, translating: Superimponas arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit. "And place upon it his arms, which he left in my bedroom."

Fr. III. Miss F.: "Since there are no imperatives of pouvoir, you can't tell anyone to 'can' anything in French."

Jacobus Spratt edebat no fat,  
Eius uor edebat no lean,  
Itaque, videtis, inter them both  
Lamberunt patellulam clean.

Latin 4. C. F. S., '21: Servabat sacros ramos in arbore. "He kept the sacred rams in an arbor."

Latin 4. M. L. C., '21: "Where death separates my body from my bones."

Math. 3. Lab. A. E. B., '20: "I don't want to sit here; I'm afraid the sun will spoil my complexion."

Math. 3 Problem: A vessel containing wine was emptied of one third of its contents, and then filled with water. This was done four times. What portion of the original contents was then in the vessel?

A. E. B., '20: "That's the kind they sell nowadays, the only kind I can get."

English 2. Mr. G.: "All kings are good. Paquet is good, therefore he is a king."

T. R., '23: "Let's crown him."

Eng. 2. Student: "Clothes make man kind."

Mr. G.: "You mean makes mankind."  
Student: "No. I mean man kind."

Eng. 2. Mr. G.: "It doesn't follow that Fido has a tail."

Student: "But the tail follows Fido."

Fr. 3. M. C., '21 (translating—Il entendit sesatires buttre dans ses temples). "He felt his heart beating in his temples."

We were looking at the skeleton upstairs, and someone inquired who the bones belonged to and Johnny Webb said, "That is Napoleon's bony-part."

Mr. F. (in library, looking for electric light button): "Where do you keep your switch?"

Miss C.: "Well, some people keep them in the bureau drawer, but mine is on the wall."

Eng. 2. T. R., '23, writing on the board: "I heard the noise of running feet."

W. R., '23: "And Mr. Acquin took Remi to the bureau of the commissioner."

Miss F.: "Where do you suppose they found him, in the top drawer?"

Miss T. (in penmanship): "Look in your manual for 'i's'."

S. M., '23: "What color are they?"

H. B., '21, translating in Fr. 3: "Les larmes l'étouffaient—the tears choked him."

Miss F.: "Yes, he probably did have his mouth open."

French 4. Miss F.: "How did he get that heap under his feet?"

E. L., '20: "Why he stood on top of it, didn't he?"

Mr. G.: "Does Shylock want to shake hands with Antonio?"

Cronin, '23: "Huh-huh."

Mr. G.: "No, he wants to kill him dead. Stick a knife through his back."

Cronin: "Huh!"

A man went to the store to get some milk. He asked for a yard of milk. The clerk, not wanting to be gotten the best of, dipped his finger in the milk and made a line a yard long across the counter. The customer absent-mindedly said, "All right, do it up and I'll take it."

#### Just Signs.

"Don't go in the next place to get cheated, come in here."

"We boil our own tongues."

"Shoes blacked on the inside."

"While the barber shop is being remodelled, patients will be shaved in the back."

Louise said that Miss P. told them that everything that was on or in that skeleton was in you, and L. said that Bunny's name was written on the skull and she didn't have that on her head.

Miss A., Eng. 2 (going to sleep).

R. A., '23: Sleeping Beauty."

#### Our Idea of a Perfect Examination.

1. Name two countries that fought in the Spanish-American War.
2. Of what nationality was Bismark, the great German statesman?
3. How long did the Thirty Years' War last?
4. In what country was the French Revolution?

5. Name two signers of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.

6. Name the inventor of the Whitney cotton gin.

7. Name two participants in the Lincoln-Douglas Debate.

8. Name two principal candidates in the Harding-Cox fight.

9. Who was the State of Washington named after?

10. Who led Sherman's army through Georgia?

"In some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her," said Mrs. Gabb, looking up from the paper she was reading.

"Huh!" replied Mr. Gabb, "why mention Africa especially?"

A small boy was sitting on his father's knee watching his mother as she went through the operation of putting up her hair in a becoming waving effect. "No waves for you, pa," said the infant philosopher as he fondly polished his parent's bald head. "You're all beach."

George Washington: "You say you call your cow U. S. What for?"

Andrew Jackson: "'Cause she's done gone dry."

Was she shy when you asked her her age?

Yes, about ten years I should say.

Only good-looking Seniors read this.

Don't be so conceited!

#### Familiar Quotations (?).

"Many are called but few get up."

"As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

"Where there's a will there's a law-suit."

"Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown."

"A stitch at nine may prevent a rip at ten."



**Five of Shakespeare's Plays.**

King Liar  
A Merchant of Venus  
Old Fellow  
McBath  
Omelet

**Advertisements We Have Seen.**

Washing Machine Co.:

"Don't kill your wife,

Let us do the dirty work."

Bull Dog Suspender Co.:

The longer you wear them

The longer they get.

Wanted—a woman to wash, iron and milk a cow. Also a boy to carry oysters who can ride a bicycle.

**Notice!**

If you do not like the material in this month's "Critic," write any suggestions you may have to offer on a slip of paper and put them in a waste basket. The janitor will see that they are carried out.

When little things are said for fun  
That were never said before,  
Look on the funny side of them,  
And don't get sore.

**Un Question.**

Avez-vous a girlie?

Intelleyis the kind,

Lips douce y hair curly,

Cutest on peut find,

Les dentes white et pearly,

Les yeux deepest blue?

Si! cause sans a girlie

Que would un homme do?

—Ex.

**The Oyster.**

The oyster is a funny bird,

Its songs are seldom found,

But I have heard an Oyster Bay—

It's a queer, Long Island Sound.

—Ex.

"And now, Johnny," said the teacher,  
"can you tell me what is raised in Mexico?"  
"Aw, go on!" replied the bright boy.

"I know what you want me to say, but ma told me I shouldn't talk rough."—Ex.

Little Willie: "Pass me the butter."

Mother (reproachfully): "If what, Willie?"

Little Willie: "If you can reach it."—Ex.

Mrs. Buttinski (to snuffling boy):  
"Haven't you a handkerchief?"

S. Boy: "Yessum, but I never lend it to strangers."—Ex.

1. Why are the Freshmen like good real estate?

2. I don't know. Why?

1. Because they are a green, empty lot.—Ex.

**Geometry.**

A. quarter (\$.25) and a soda fountain determine a straight line.

A plane figure is a Freshman.

A Senior is the limit.

Two boys walking with a girl are either equal or complementary.

The consequences are what you get from an extremely mean teacher.—Ex.

"'Twas in a restaurant they met,

One Romeo and Juliet;

'Twas there that he fell into debt,

For Rome-owed what Juli-et."

**If They Lived Today.**

Cleopatra—My dear, Antony is a perfectly wonderful dancer!

Antony—I met a girl during the war in Egypt who was some knock-out!

Julius Caesar—I will not be interviewed upon the Irish question.

Cicero—I am doing my best to bring down prices.

Queen Elizabeth—I simply cannot keep a cook in my castle.

Marie Antoinette—The prices they ask for hats! Aren't they simply awful!

Sir Walter Raleigh—I would be glad to let you walk on my overcoat, but at the present price of wool, I can't afford it. Sorry.



# EXCHANGES

Owing to the short interval of time between this and the last issue of the "Critic," few exchanges have been received, but we hope to have more next time, and we give all our Exchanges a hearty welcome. Most of our exchanges are excellent papers, whose exchange departments are well developed. But we would like to see more comments and criticisms upon the "Critic," for by your criticisms we are helped and by your praise encouraged. As I read over the Exchange Departments of the various papers I sometimes envy the exchange editors and sometimes sympathize with others. Doubtless they, like myself, find it hard to write an interesting column. I realize that the life of an exchange editor is far from being carefree. So please don't judge too harshly, dear readers.

We thank the following exchanges:

The Brewster, Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Pantograph, Kansas City High School, Kansas City, Kan.

The X-Ray, Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Calif.

The Mirror, Pratt High School, Pratt, Kan.

The Bulletin, Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H.

The Eltrurian, Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

The Advocate, Needham High School, Needham, Mass.

The Colby Voice, Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

The New Hampshire, State College, Durham, N. H.

The Red and Black, Roger High School, Newport, R. I.

The Courtier, Mt. Vernon High Schools, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The Echo, Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

The Bulletin, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Red and Blue, St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N. H.

The Sassamon, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.

The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.

The Argus, Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

The Polytechnic, Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

The Irritator, Chelmsford High School, Chelmsford, Mass.

The Pep, Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

The Magnet, Leominster High School, Leominster, Mass.

The Orange and Black, Barton Academy, Barton, Vermont.

## COMMENTS.

The Magnet.—We enjoyed your faculty number. Your editorial is very well written.

The Orange and Black.—We enjoy your attractive little paper, and hope you will continue the exchange.



The Red and Black.—We think you have a splendid paper. Interesting to strangers as well as to those of your own school.

The Brewster.—We suggest that you issue your paper less frequently, thus having material enough to make it worth while.

The Pantograph.—Your paper is just full of news and nonsense. School spirit is significant on every page.

The X-Ray.—A wide-awake little paper. You have some splendid editorials.

The Mirror.—Why not add a few stories to complete your paper?

The Red and Blue.—Some uplifting stories, editorials and poems in your paper. Although a new exchange, you rank with our best. We welcome you and wish you every success.

The Bulletin (Kimball Union Academy).—Your article on "Old Meriden" does you credit. We suggest you brighten your paper with some jokes, cuts and "just plain nonsense."

The Argus.—Your February cover is very attractive. Your cuts are unusually clever.

The Eltrurian.—We enjoy your interesting paper. We suggest that you build up an exchange department.

The Courtier.—We think your material could be arranged more attractively. Otherwise your paper is well gotten up.

The Irritator.—A well arranged little paper. We would like to see our exchange commented upon.

The Sassamon.—The subject matter of your paper is excellent, but your paper is not so large as might be expected from so large a school.

The Pep.—Your Christmas issue was very interesting and attractive. Why not give your exchange a little more attention?

The Echo.—Your paper is above criticism, every department is so finely developed. We enjoyed the pictures in your 1920 issue.

The Oracle.—We always receive your paper with delight. It never fails us. We

admire your original cover designs.

Lawrence Bulletin.—Your editorials and stories are of the best. We think your paper should be larger, though, for the size of your school.

The Advocate.—Your paper is worthy of the highest praise. We especially enjoyed "The Barnicle." You are fortunate in having so many advertisements.

The Megaphone.—A splendid paper from cover to cover. Your cuts add greatly to the attractiveness of your paper.

The New Hampshire is always interesting to us and very much in demand.

#### A GIRL'S IDEA OF AN IDEAL BOY.

Every girl admires an athlete, yet it is not the great physical body but the way one uses it that counts. Girls like neatness in the appearance of boys, so brush your teeth and keep your shoes polished and your clothes cleaned and pressed. Any boy, no matter how poor, can be neat and clean.

There are several things a boy may do to harm his physical well-being. Smoking, for example, is not good for the health of the boys, and the best girls dislike the habit; it is also very ill-mannered to smoke in public.

Girls also consider the mental side of the ideal boy. They should be careful of the kind of books and magazines they read. One should mix them up, so as to become acquainted with many authors and styles of writing. Read good, clean stories and broaden your mind. Girls would like to see every boy a member of the Y. M. C. A.

The social side of the ideal boy counts a good deal with the girls. Politeness in the home is a fine point. The friendship between a boy and a girl should be one of comradeship. The friendship should be in the open, and do not have a friend you would be ashamed to introduce to your parents.

Every girl has an idea of what her ideal boy should be. Loyalty to the school is a big factor, but it does not mean simply



rooting for the school but being loyal in all ways and supporting all the school activities.

There are a great many other qualities which help to make the ideal boy. Such virtues as honesty and bravery are, of course, expected of all boys. Profanity is a fault many boys have to fight against. Girls do not respect rough-talking boys.

I wonder how many of the boys have read that great poem "If" by Rudyard Kipling. I am sure if they profit by his splendid advice they will not go far astray from the girls' ideal boy.

#### A BOY'S IDEA OF AN IDEAL GIRL.

The moral side of a girl's life is very important. A girl who could hear the remarks that boys make about girls who dress immodestly, were rough in speech and manner would be careful about dress and conduct.

Boys generally admire the athletic type of girl. Every girl should go in for all kinds of boys' sports. Clinging vine types are not admired by boys.

The social side of the ideal girl is also significant. Most boys do not like steady girls that are carried too far. They do not like girls who take their "dates" to some corner for the whole evening. This bores the right kind of boys. Usually the truthful girls and the ones who are not sentimental are the best liked. Boys like girls who are chums, ones who are willing to put on old clothes and hike. Some girls are friends only to boys who have cars, money and fine clothes. Be friends to boys with old clothes and no car. Often these boys are worth more than the ones who make a good appearance.

Boys appreciate a girl who can talk interestingly and convincingly upon the subjects of the day; one who can understand and like boys' sports as well as girls'. Girls who can cook are also favorites with their masculine friends. The girls' "If" is equally as good as Rudyard Kipling's poem for boys.

#### AN "IF" FOR GIRLS.

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,  
 Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight,  
 If you can swim and row, be strong and active,  
 Yet of the gentler graces not lose sight,  
 If you can dance without a craze for dancing,  
 Play, without giving play too strong a hold,  
 Enjoy the love of friends without Romancing,  
 Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old,  
 If you can master French, and Greek, and Latin,  
 And not acquire as well a priggish mein,  
 If you can ply a saw and hammer,  
 And do a man's work when the need occurs,  
 Can sing when asked, without excuse or stammer,  
 Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs,  
 If some time you should meet and love another,  
 And build a home with faith and peace enshrined,  
 And you its soul, a loyal wife and mother,  
 You'll work out pretty nearly, to my mind,  
 The plan that's been developed through the ages,  
 And earn the best that life can have in store,  
 You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,  
 A woman whom the world will bow before.

#### "Love."

I am little and fat and homely and stupid. Yet she loves me, she adores me. She told me so. She kisses me and pets me and buys me things and waits on me. She thinks I'm wonderful. She told me so. And she looks like a million dollars! But—why not?—she's my mother!





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